

The Mirror

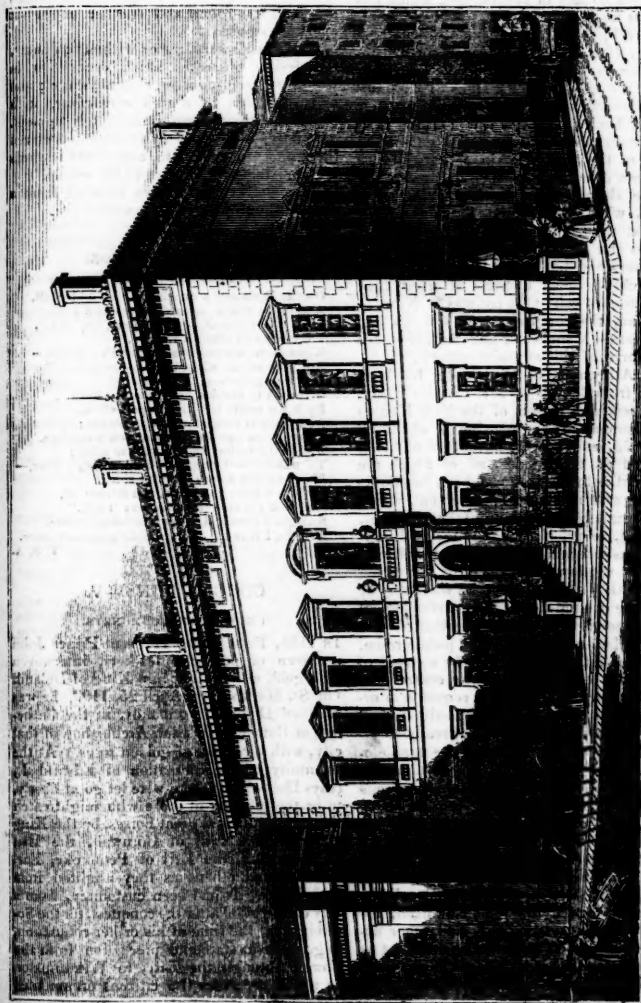
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 897.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE ATHENÆUM, MANCHESTER.

THE ATHENÆUM, MANCHESTER.

THIS superb addition to the public buildings of Manchester attests the advancing genius of that important town, and the spirit of improvement which animates every portion of the county in which it is situated. Of literary and philosophical societies, before the erection of this elegant building, there was no lack in Manchester, which has now, as well as Liverpool, its Athenæum. Of a truth, these monuments of intellectual culture, (for such we may call all institutions like that represented on the preceding page,) are plain-speaking signs of the times to Londoners, and may abate a jot of their pride of home; for, it is the besetting fault of our metropolitans, to under-rate the large towns of the provinces in the scale with their own dear capital. Well do we remember the shrewd remark of a philosophical tourist, who lately visited Manchester for the first time, and was so struck with its vastness and population as to observe, that Londoners had but a very imperfect idea of the thickly-peopled districts of what they are pleased to call "the country." Now, to our mind, the comparison of London and Southwark—Manchester and Salford—adds to the force of this apposite remark.

The Athenæum at Manchester has been erected from designs by Mr. Charles Barry, the successful architect of the New Houses of Parliament. The mansion is about 86 feet by 55, and has the advantage of being insulated on three sides, all of which are consistent as to design, and exhibit two floors and a mezzanine above the basement, which is partly sunk below the level of the pavement. The west, or principal front, facing Bond-street, has nine windows on the upper floors, and eight windows and a slightly projecting porch, with a flight of steps, on what may be called the ground-floor. The arrangement of this floor is thus lucidly described:—

It is "laid out as one large, public room, yet formed into three divisions by a screen of columns on either hand of the centre one, an arrangement which, while requisite in order to afford support to the partition walls of the upper floors, conduces greatly to effect, and renders each of the three parallelograms thus defined out well proportioned as to height; whereas, were the whole one open space, it would either require to be much loftier, or be offensively low. It should be observed, too, that the middle division is somewhat narrower and shorter than the other two, a small portion being taken out of it at each end, in order to gain a lobby between the porch and the room itself, together with a porter's lodge, and other accommodations. What little is thus lost as to actual space is more than made up for by the variety it occasions, by the divisions be-

ing better inclosed and defined, and by the more efficient support afforded by walls terminating in *antæ*, in addition to columns."

On the upper floor are a library, lecture, committee, and class rooms; and above them other class rooms, together with a large lecture room, capable of containing 600 persons. In the basement story, besides all the offices requisite for the establishment, are a coffee-room, and another room set apart for smoking.

"Although *astylar*, or without columns, the design possesses much decoration in windows, string-courses, chimneys, &c.; and is surmounted by a rich *cornicione*, with the roof sloping down immediately upon it. The latter is covered by ornamented glazed tiles, and thus made to contribute towards the embellished character of the whole."

The engraving has been reduced from a clever lithograph by G. Hawkins, jun.

THE QUACK-DOCTOR.

(From the French.)

On the Pont-neuf a quack had plac'd his stall,
And to the crowd, as loud as he could bawl,
Said, "Gentlemen, come here and buy of me,
For every evil here's a remedy.
Know then, a wondrous powder I've to sell,—
But pray attend while I its virtues tell—
And strange to say, this powder that I have
Gives wit to ninnies, honour to the knave;
By it the guilty lose the deepest stain,
And plainest ladies lovers may obtain;
From it e'en age the bloom of youth receives,
And to the veriest fools it wisdom gives;
Th' unletter'd it supplies from learning's store,—
My powder is a cure for ev'ry sore;
By it you gain, you know, you fathom all,
And well the encyclopedia may 't call."
Straight I advanc'd to see this treasure rare,
And, lo, I found a little gold-dust there.

T. S. A.

CORONATIONS.—V.

CROWNS AND CORONETS.

In 1185, Pope Urban III. sent Prince John a crown of peacocks' feathers, interwoven with gold, constituting him King of Ireland. On St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1199, he was crowned Duke of Normandy, in the Cathedral at Rouen, by Walter, Archbishop of that city, with a coronet of golden roses. At the solemnity of the coronation of Edward I., (says Holinshed,) there were let go at liberty, to be the property of those who might catch them, five hundred great horses, by the King of Scots, the Earl of Cornwall, the Earl of Gloucester, the Earl of Pembroke, Earl Warren, and others, as they alighted from their backs. It had been customary, from a very early period after the conquest, for the Sovereign, at the time of his or her coronation, to go in great state and procession from the Tower, through the City, to Westminster, on which occasions the citizens ornamented

* In the Companion to the Almanack for 1837.

† Ibid.

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their houses with the most splendid draperies, and other decorations, the various companies, in their richest liveries, being marshalled, with music and banners along the streets. This custom was discontinued by Charles I., in consequence of the plague; but, at the coronation of Charles II., April 23, 1661, it was observed with increased splendour, four triumphal arches being erected in different parts of the city. Since that period the ceremony has never been revived.

The crown worn by George IV. at his coronation, formed no part of the Regalia of England; it was made merely for that occasion, at a contract price of 20,000*l.*, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge having procured, upon loan and otherwise, jewels of the largest size and of the greatest value; after the ceremony, the crown was broken up and the jewels returned.

The Crown worn by the Queen Consort at the Coronation differs very little from the Crown of State worn by the Sovereign, except that it is smaller, and the jewels neither so numerous nor so large: the mound is of gold, instead of aqua-marina. The crown in which the Queen returns from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, is of the same form as the preceding, but so thickly covered with large pearls, diamonds, and other jewels, that not a particle of the gold can be seen: the mound and arches are entirely covered with pearls. The whole crown weighs only 10 oz. 10 dwts. The following are the values respectively of the jewels in this resplendent diadem:—

Twenty diamonds round the circle,	1,500
each	£30,000
Two large centre diamonds,	2,000 <i>l.</i> each
Fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the former	4,000
Four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds	100
Four large diamonds, of the tops of the crosses	12,000
Twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis	40,000
Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same	10,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c. on the arches and crosses	2,000
One hundred and forty-one diamonds on the mound	10,000
Twenty-six diamonds on the upper cross	500
Two circles of pearls about the rim	3,000
	300

Total, £111,900
W. G. C.

CLAIMS.

THE following are some of the allowances connected with the ceremony of the claims at the Coronation of the Sovereigns of England:—To the Lord Almoner, for the day, three hundred and five ounces of gilt plate, in two large gilt chased basins; to the Lord Mayor of London, a gold cup and cover of twenty ounces of pure gold; to the Mayor of Oxford, a highly gilt bowl and cover, richly chased,

of one hundred and ten ounces, as a gift from the Sovereign to that city; to the Champion, a high bowl and cover, finely chased and gilt, of thirty-six ounces; all these bowls are enchased with the royal arms: to the Duke of Norfolk, as Chief Butler of England for the day, a cup of pure gold, of thirty-two ounces; to the Lord Great Chamberlain, as Chief Officer of the Ewery, two, large, gilt, chased basins; and one gilt, chased ewer.

W. G. C.

GEORGE III.

THE following anecdote, extracted from a letter addressed to the Duke of Devonshire, appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764:—It is publicly said that the Young Pretender came from Flanders to see the coronation of George III.; that he was in Westminster Hall during the coronation, and in town two or three days before and after it, under the name of Mr. Brown; and being asked by a gentleman who knew him abroad, how he durst venture hither, his answer was, that he was very safe. This relation receives additional strength from the following account, given by David Hume, in a letter dated 1773:—

The lord marshal, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me that he believed that the Young Pretender was at that time in London, or, at least, had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. "Why," said he, "a gentleman told me so who saw him there, and who whispered in his ear—'Your royal highness is the last of all mortals, whom I should expect to see here.'—'It was curiosity that led me,' replied the Prince, 'but, I assure you, that the person who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence is the man whom I envy the least.'"

W. G. C.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

In the *Public Advertiser*, of September 19, 1761, is the following account of a dressed rehearsal of the Champion's ceremony, a few days before it took place at the Coronation of George III.:—Last night Westminster Hall was illuminated, and John Dymoke, Esq. put on his armour, and tried a grey horse, which his late Majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen, before his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Prince Henry Frederick, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Talbot, and many other persons of distinction. There were also another grey horse, and four other horses, which were walked and rode several times up and down the Hall: Earl Talbot rode one of them, a very fine brown-bay horse, which his lordship proposes to ride on the side of the Champion, on the day of the Coronation.

W. G. C.

Sketch-Book.

VALUABLE WATER PRIVILEGES.

By George P. Morris.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever.

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham-street, near the corner of Pearl-street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar visage lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbours had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the specula-

tors—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?"

"One hundred each," said a by-stander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham-street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"Oui, monsieur; I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot vid de valuable vatave privilege; *c'est ça*."

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi monsieur*," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall excuse me, if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every thing sure wid respect to de lot vid de valuable vatave privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand be vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell den, *allons*."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, consider-

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ing the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots, as uniform as possible, and his little, grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn-ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East-river running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here. and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuable vatare privilege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them!*"

"Vat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principle street is only visible at *low tide*. When this part of the East-river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; and *we now all under water.*"

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again! There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waist-

coat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears;" and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labours of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, *chez vous*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, but I do not like it at all."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vatare."

"You joke."

"I do not joke. I nevere joke; *je n'entends pas raillerie*. Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay!"

"Certainly not."

"Den vill you be so good as to take de East-river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the *land*."

"No, sare; but I have trow it away in de *rivare!*"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. Your von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of de *l'argent*."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office."

"Vere shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You cheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Chatham-street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I wish you may go to de devil yourself, you dem yankee-doodle, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, misericorde! Ah, mon dieu! je suis abime. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuable vatare privilege dat is left me a present!"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as pennyless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East-river to the Wallabout, and farmer J***** will row him out to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water!*

Spirit of Discovery.

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

THE London and Birmingham Railway is, unquestionably, the greatest public work ever executed, either in ancient or modern times. If we estimate its importance by the labour alone which has been expended on it, perhaps the Great Chinese Wall might compete with it, but when we consider the immense outlay of capital which it has required, — the great and varied talents which have been in a constant state of requisition during the whole of its progress, — together with the unprecedented engineering difficulties, which we are happy to say are now overcome, — the gigantic work of the Chinese sinks totally into the shade.

It may be amusing to some readers, who are unacquainted with the magnitude of such an undertaking as the London and Birmingham Railway, if we give one or two illustrations of the above assertion. The great Pyramid of Egypt, that stupendous monument which seems likely to exist to the end of all time, will afford a comparison.

After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, &c., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found that the labour expended on the great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three million cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by three hundred thousand, and by Herodotus by one hundred thousand men, and it required for its execution twenty years.

If we reduce in the same manner the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway to one common denomination, the result is twenty-five thousand million cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the Pyramid) lifted one foot high, or nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven million cubic feet more than was lifted one

foot high in the construction of the Pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years.

From the above calculation has been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, wagons, &c.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the Pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger allowance than is necessary.

As another means of comparison, let us take the cost of the Railway and turn it into pence, and allowing each penny to be one inch and thirty-four hundredths wide, it will be found that these pence laid together so that they all touch, would more than form a continuous band round the earth at the equator.

As a third mode of viewing the magnitude of this work, let us take the circumference of the earth in round numbers at one hundred and thirty million feet. Then, as there are about four hundred million cubic feet of earth to be moved in the Railway, we see that this quantity of material alone, without looking to anything else, would, if spread in a band one foot high and one foot broad, more than three times encompass the earth at the equator.

It will be evident that such a work as this could only have been undertaken in a country abounding with capital, and possessing engineering talent of the highest order. The steps by which the science of Railways has arrived at its present position were slow, yet progressive. Railways of wood and stone were in use, as well as the flat iron or tram-rail, in the middle of the seventeenth century, particularly among the collieries of the north, and were gradually improved from time to time; they still, however, retained a character totally distinct from those structures which will soon form the means of transport through all the principal districts of the kingdom.

[From Leconte and Roscoe's *History and Description of the London and Birmingham Railway* illustrated with plates and woodcuts, No. 1.; a work which promises to combine fulness of information with smallness of cost. The illustrations of this portion are well chosen and tastefully engraved: the letter-press, for a first number, is fair, though here and there the business details are too much in the spirit of gasconade. Would it not be better to let great works speak for themselves, than by such means as the above to strain after immortality for their architects? This observation refers especially to such passages as the first paragraph in page 4.]

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IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MICROSCOPE. BY
MR. THOMAS GILL.

THESE consist in producing the two *crossing motions* of the stage, and in regulating the light, in the following most facile modes. My microscope has a square stem, with a rack and pinion, the latter having a milled head, recently added by myself, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, in order to obtain readily a *tolerably accurate* adjustment of the *focus*; but the *minute adjustment* is effected by a fine screw, with a milled head, recently fitted to it by Mr. Andrew Ross, who has likewise furnished me with a new body, three of his *admirable achromatic compound objectives*, and three astronomical eye-pieces; and thus it is as perfect, in these respects, as, I believe, any microscope now in existence. It is likewise now indeed *very greatly improved* by the exceedingly pleasant mode of examining objects, effected by the simplification and improvement of the stage by myself. The stage was originally mounted upon a bracket, proceeding from the upper sliding socket upon the stem, and had a *steady-pin* in addition to the screw, by which it was fixed to the socket, and expressly designed to prevent any side motion of the stage, as usual. Now, I had only to remove the steady-pin, and thus obtained the *sideway movement* of the stage in a most simple and effectual manner. This was a very great improvement, and afforded much facility in viewing the different objects; still, however, the opposite motion, to or from the observer, was wanted, and this I have also been able to effect, in as simple and useful a manner, as the motion sideways. Mr. Ross had fitted to my stage his valuable *speculum* for *illuminating opaque objects sideways*; and for this purpose had mounted a pipe or socket to receive the stem of the carriage of the *speculum*, in a small plate of brass, which he fixed by screws to the underside of the stage, on the left side of it. This gave me the opportunity of employing another cylindrical metal stem, to fit his pipe or socket, with a flat, circular head to it, nearly equal in thickness to the stage; and of cementing to it, with shell lac, a plate of glass, which lies upon the stage, and swings or turns upon that as a centre, and thus affords the *opposite crossing movement* required, in a most complete and effectual manner. I believe that such valuable results were never before attained in so facile a way. And, indeed, it would seem as if every thing had been expressly provided for the occasion, and only needed my wish to be possessed of this truly desirable property of moving an object, even of considerable size, in every direction, with the utmost freedom. I have cemented a small, flat, ivory button upon the right hand corner of the glass plate, by way of handle, to move it by.

I have likewise effected the important ob-

ject of *graduating* the light from the plane or concave *specula* which slide upon the stem, in a most simple and efficient manner. This I have lately accomplished as follows:—a double convex *lens*, mounted in a screwed cell, was formerly slidden upon the stem upwards and downwards, to concentrate or diffuse the light from the *specula*. I, however, had laid this aside as useless. I now have fitted a short tube, with a diaphragm, or circular hole, at its upper end, a quarter of an inch in diameter, into a metal cone which used to be fixed upon the cell, under the stage, to lessen the light occasionally; and this cone, so altered, is now fixed to the screwed ring of the condensing *lens*, (but which *lens*, as before-mentioned, I had laid aside), and can be slidden up and down on the stem, nearer to or farther from, the plane or concave *speculum* and the stage, at pleasure; and thus graduate the light cast by them upon the objects, in a most complete manner. The length of the tube fixed within the cone is three quarters of an inch; and the aperture in the cone below it, is three eighths of an inch; the diameter of the cone itself being an inch and a half; and the whole is well blackened with a dull coat of varnish. And thus the passage of the light from the *specula* below to the stage, is effected only through the short tube, and its upper and lower apertures, the *central rays* only being suffered to pass; an advantage I need not dwell upon.

Magazine of Natural History.

Anecdote Gallery.

BIRTHPLACE OF WILSON, THE PAINTER.

THIS is an interesting memorial of our eminent landscape-painter, Richard Wilson, whose posthumous celebrity is a sad exemplification of the maxim—that to be respected after death is but a poor recompense for being neglected while living. Allan Cunningham observes of Wilson's fame: "as the remembrance of the artist himself faded on men's memories, the character of his works began to rise in public estimation. Then, and not till then, the lovers of art perceived that the productions of an Englishman, who lived in want, and died broken-hearted, equalled, in poetic conception and splendour of colouring, many of the works of those more fortunate painters, who had kings for their protectors, and princes and nobles for their companions."

Wilson was born in 1713, at Pineges, in Montgomeryshire, in the house represented in the annexed Cut. He was the third son of a clergyman, whose family was of old standing; and his mother was one of the Wynns of Leeswold—a name of great antiquity, and enriched with the blood of the kings of the principality. His love of art appeared early:

he loved, when a child, to trace figures of men and animals, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of the house, a predilection which his father encouraged. His relation, Sir George Wynn, next took him to London, and placed him under the care of one Wright, an obscure portrait-painter; his progress was successful, and in 1748, when Wilson was 35 years old, he had so distinguished himself as to be employed to paint a picture of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, for their tutor, the Bishop of Norwich. His portraits possessed great merit; according to Edwards, in drawing a head he was not excelled by any of the portrait-painters of his time—his treatment was bold and masterly, and his colouring in the style of Rembrandt.

In 1749, Wilson was enabled, by his own savings and the aid of his friends, to go to Italy, where he continued portrait-painting till an accident opened another avenue to fame, and shut up the way to fortune. Having waited one morning for the coming of Zuccarelli, the artist, he painted, to beguile the time, a scene, upon which the window of his friend looked, with so much grace and effect, that Zuccarelli was astonished, and inquired if he had studied landscape. Wilson replied that he had not. "Then I advise you (said the other) to try—for you are sure of success;" and this counsel was confirmed by Vernet, the French painter. Wilson now relinquished portrait-painting, and proceeded with landscape. He found himself better prepared for this new pursuit than he had imagined; he had been long insensibly storing his mind with the beauties of natural scenery, and the picturesque mountains and glens of his native Wales had been to him an academy when he was unconscious of their influence. He did not proceed upon that plan of study—much recommended—but little practised—of copying the pictures of the old masters, with the hope of catching a corresponding inspiration;—but he studied their works, and mastered their methods of attaining excellence, and compared them carefully with nature. By this means he caught the hue and the character of Italian scenery, and steeped his spirit in its splendour. His landscapes are fanned with the pure air, warmed with the glowing suns, filled with the ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes, of that classic region. His reputation rose so fast that he obtained pupils. Mengs, out of regard for his genius, painted his portrait; and Wilson repaid this flattery with a fine landscape.

After a residence of six years abroad, he returned to England to try his fortune with his own countrymen; and the commencement was promising. On his arrival in London, he took apartments on the north side of Covent Garden, where Lely, Kneller, and Thornhill

had lived and laboured, and associated with all men distinguished for taste and talent. His picture of Niobe confirmed, if it did not increase, the reputation which had followed him from Italy; and his view of Rome raised him to a distinction not surely difficult at that time to attain—that of the ablest landscape-painter of his country. He assisted in instituting the Royal Academy; and on the death of Hayman solicited and obtained the situation of librarian—a place of small profit, but not to be despised by one who had to inspire his countrymen with a new taste, before he could expect to have a succession of purchasers.

It was, however, the misfortune of Wilson not to be appreciated in his day: his works were neglected, and he sank in the midst of the capital under obscurity, indigence, and dejection. He was reduced, by this capricious ignorance of the wealthy and the titled, to work for the meanest of mankind. He painted his Ceyx and Alcyone for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese! His chief resource for subsistence was in the sordid liberality of the pawnbrokers, to whose hands his finest works were consigned wet, from the easel. To crown his disappointments, in a contest for fame with Smith of Chichester, the Royal Society decided against Wilson, principally, it is said, through the hostility of Reynolds. The manners of our landscape-painter did not suit those of the courtly Sir Joshua; for Wilson was coarse and repulsive, a drinker of ale and porter, and one who loved boisterous mirth and rough humour; yet he was a man of simple taste, and so abstemious, that his salary of Librarian to the Royal Academy was nearly enough for his wants. As fortune forsook him, he left a fine home for one inferior—a fashionable street for one cheap and obscure. And he made sketches for half-a-crown. His last retreat in this opulent city was somewhere about Tottenham-court-road;—an easel and a brush—a chair and a table—a hard bed with a few clothes—a scanty meal, and the favourite pot of porter—were all that Wilson could call his own. It is said that Reynolds relaxed in hostility towards him, and became generous when it was too late; for of what use is the oil when the lamp is extinguished? Old age, with its infirmities, crept upon Wilson: his sight was failing, and his skill of touch was forsaking him, when he retired from London to his native country. A small estate became his by the death of a brother; "and, (touchingly observes Cunningham,) as if nature had designed to make some amends for the neglect of mankind, a profitable vein of lead was discovered on his ground."

"He arrived safely at Colomondie beside the village of Llanverris in Denbighshire, and took up his residence with his relation,

Mrs. J. J. common which green L. turesque and the well as now in by all a to him among gination before much; the tree from th which bered a he was youth fallen h walks b the last picture look at Walkin favouri or over sank d The s pulled last suc his ma never r compla nourish May. 1 "As son are noble, a



(Birthplace of Wilson, the Painter.)

Mrs. Jones. The house was elegant and commodious, and the situation of that kind which Wilson loved. It stood among fine, green hills, with old romantic woods, picturesque rocks, verdant lawns, deep glens, and the whole was cheered with the sound as well as the sight of running water. He was now in affluence—was loved and respected by all around him—and, what was as much to him—or more, he had become a dweller among scenes such as had haunted his imagination, even when Italy spread her beauty before him. He wrought little and walked much;—the stone on which he loved to sit, the tree under which he shaded himself from the sun, and the stream on the banks of which he commonly walked, are all remembered and pointed out by the peasantry. But he wanted—what wealth could not give—youth and strength to enjoy what he had fallen heir to. His strength failed fast—his walks became shorter and less frequent—and the last scene he visited was where two old picturesque fir-trees stood, which he loved to look at and introduce into his compositions. Walking out one day, accompanied by a favourite dog—whether exhausted by fatigue, or overcome by some sudden pain, Wilson sank down, and found himself unable to rise. The sagacious animal run home, howled, pulled the servants by their clothes, and at last succeeded in bringing them to the aid of his master. He was carried home, but he never fairly recovered from the shock. He complained of weariness and pain, refused nourishment, and languished and expired in May, 1782, in the 69th year of his age.

“As a landscape-painter, the merits of Wilson are great; his conceptions are generally noble, and his execution vigorous and glowing;

the dewy freshness, the natural lustre and harmonious arrangement of his scenes, have seldom been exceeded. He rose at once from the tame insipidity of common scenery into natural grandeur and magnificence—his streams seem all abodes for nymphs, his hills are fit haunts for the muses, and his temples worthy of gods. His whole heart was in his art, and he talked and dreamed landscape.

“The names of a few of his principal compositions will show the historical and poetical influence under which he wrought—the Death of Niobe, Phæton, Morning, View of Rome, Villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli, Celadon and Amelia, View on the River Po, Apollo and the Seasons, Meleager and Atalanta, Cicero at his Villa, Lake of Narni, View on the coast of Baiæ, the Tiber near Rome, Temple of Bacchus, Adrian’s Villa, Bridge of Rimini, Rosamond’s Pond, Langallon Bridge, Castle of Dinas Bran, Temple of Venus at Baiæ, Tomb of the Horatii and Curatii, Broken Bridge of Norni, and Nymphs Bathing. His pencil sometimes forsook subjects of classic or poetic fame, and dwelt on scenes of natural loveliness; some of these are very captivating compositions—there is a light let in upon the hills and a verdant freshness among the trees such as few painters have surpassed.”*

Although Wilson was deficient in “the sweet small courtesies of life,” those who enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship agree in pronouncing him a man of strong sense, intelligence and refinement, and every way worthy of those works which preserve the name of Richard Wilson.

* Abridged from Cunningham’s *Lives of Painters*, vol. i. British.

The Public Journals.

OLIVER TWIST.

[OUR last notice of Oliver left him in new hands, and with prospects bright with hope soon to be darkened. The niece of his mistress is taken ill; and here is a touching picture of the poor boy's sympathy—full of graceful nature.]

Rose Maylie had rapidly grown worse, and before midnight was delirious. A medical practitioner, who resided on the spot, was in constant attendance upon her, and, after first seeing the patient, he had taken Mrs. Maylie aside, and pronounced her disorder to be one of a most alarming nature. "In fact," he said, "it would be little short of a miracle if she recovered."

How often did Oliver start from his bed that night, and, stealing out with noiseless footstep to the staircase; listen for the slightest sound from the sick chamber! How often did a tremble shake his frame, and cold drops of terror start upon his brow, when a sudden trampling of feet caused him to fear that something too dreadful to think of had even then occurred. And what had been the fervency of all the prayers he had ever uttered, compared with those he poured forth now, in the agony and passion of his supplication, for the life and health of the gentle creature who was tottering on the deep grave's verge!

The suspense, the fearful, the acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love is trembling in the balance; the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it; the desperate anxiety to be doing something to relieve the pain, or lessen the danger which we have no power to alleviate, and the sinking of soul and spirit which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces; what tortures can equal these, and what reflections or efforts can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them!

Morning came, and the little cottage was lonely and still. People spoke in whispers; anxious faces appeared at the gate from time to time, and women and children went away in tears. All the livelong day, and for four hours after it had grown dark, Oliver paced softly up and down the garden, raising his eyes every instant to the sick chamber, and shuddering to see the darkened window looking as if death lay stretched inside. Late at night Mr. Losberne arrived. "It is hard," said the good doctor, turning away as he spoke, "so young, so much beloved—but there is very little hope."

Another morning the sun shone brightly, as brightly as if it looked upon no misery or care, and with every leaf and flower in full

bloom about her; with life, and health, and sounds, and sights of joy, surrounding her on every side, the fair young creature lay wasting fast. Oliver crept away to the old churchyard, and, sitting down on one of the green mounds, wept for her in silence.

There was such pence and beauty in the scene, so much of brightness and mirth in the sunny landscape, such blithesome music in the songs of the summer birds, such freedom in the rapid flight of the rook careering overhead, so much of life and joyousness in all, that when the boy raised his aching eyes and looked about, the thought instinctively occurred to him that this was not a time for death; that Rose could surely never die, when humbler things were all so glad and gay; that graves were for cold and cheerless winter, not for sunlight and fragrance. He almost thought that shrouds were for the old and shrunken, and never wrapped the young and graceful form within their ghastly folds.

A knell from the church-bell broke harshly on these youthful thoughts. Another—again! It was tolling for the funeral service. A group of humble mourners entered the gate, and they wore white favours, for the corpse was young. They stood, uncovered, by a grave; and there was a mother—a mother once—among the weeping train. But the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang on.

Oliver turned homewards, thinking on the many kindnesses he had received from the young lady, and wishing that the time could come over again, that he might never cease showing her how grateful and attached he was. He had no cause for self-reproach on the score of neglect or want of thought, for he had been devoted to her service; and yet a hundred little occasions rose up before him on which he fancied he might have been more zealous and more earnest, and wished he had been. We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done; of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time.

When he reached home Mrs. Maylie was sitting in the little parlour. Oliver's heart sank at sight of her, for she had never left the bedside of her niece, and he trembled to think what change could have driven her away. He learnt that she had fallen into a deep sleep, from which she would waken again either to recovery and life, or to bid them farewell, and die.

They sat listening, and afraid to speak, for hours. The untasted meal was removed; and, with looks which showed that

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their thoughts were elsewhere, they watched the sun as he sank lower and lower, and at length cast over sky and earth those brilliant hues which herald his departure. Their quick ears caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and they both involuntary darted towards the door as Mr. Loebner entered.

"What of Rose?" cried the old lady. "Tell me at once. I can bear it; anything but suspense. Oh, tell me! in the name of Heaven!"

"You must compose yourself," said the doctor, supporting her. "Be calm, my dear ma'am, pray."

"Let me go, in God's name!" gasped Mrs. Maylie. "My dear child! She is dead! She is dying!"

"No!" cried the doctor passionately. "As he is good and merciful, she will live to bless us all for years to come."

The lady fell upon her knees, and tried to fold her hands together; but the energy which had supported her so long fled to Heaven with her first thanksgiving, and she sank back into the friendly arms which were extended to receive her.

It was almost too much happiness to bear. Oliver felt stunned and stupefied by the unexpected intelligence; he could not weep, or speak, or rest. He had scarcely the power of understanding anything that had passed, until after a long ramble in the quiet evening air a burst of tears came to his relief, and he seemed to awaken all at once to a full sense of the joyful change that had occurred, and the almost insupportable load of anguish which had been taken from his breast.—*Boz, in Bentley's Miscellany.*

THE ABSENT MAN.

(Continued from page 380.)

[THE incidents in the gambling-house must be omitted, save that, being detected with a court-card in his lap, which he "must have dropped in the hurry of the last deal," he is kicked out of this temple of virtue as a cheat; when, to wipe off this stain on the family escutcheon, he meditates attaching himself by his garters to the nearest lamp-post, and then of leaping into the Serpentine; but soon a manlier spirit of resolution prevails, and he determines to brave the worst. He returns home, is again dunned by his landlady, and next morning, during her absence from home, he rummages the parlour and carries off five guineas inclosed in a play-bill. Hear his defence:]

I am aware that this act will subject me to misrepresentation, but for my own part I shall always consider it as one of the most feeling traits in my character. When it is borne in mind how many petty annoyances I had latterly endured at the hands of my

landlady; how often she had taunted me with my poverty, and in those moments of distrust to which the best of us are liable, had kept watch on my most insignificant movements; I think it cannot be denied that the heart which, despite such multiplied provocations, could still cherish a kindly sentiment towards the author of them, must have had an inherent capacity for friendship but seldom vouchsafed to the sons of Adam!

I had not quitted my lodgings above half an hour, when, lo! I discovered that my dearly prized token of remembrance—that sole relic left me of the absent—was gone. In the hurry of departure I had deposited it in that particular pocket in which devouring time had gnawed a hole as large as the knob of a pair of tongs. I leave you to judge of my anguish at this discovery, and how for many weary hours after I wandered about the streets, without a home, without a friend, and viewing a constable in every individual that looked me in the face.

[At length, he enters a respectable tavern in Tottenham-court-road and orders a dinner:]

"Very good," replied John, and, placing the paper before me, he vanished with a noiseless celerity known only to waiters and phantoms. In a few minutes he reappeared with the required viands, to which, I need hardly say, I did prompt and abundant justice; and when the mustard-spotted cloth was removed, and the sherry emptied, I ordered in a bottle of the landlord's choicest port, over which I luxuriated for upwards of two hours, my thoughts the while wandering from subject to subject, and assuming a more sunny character as the ruby contents of the decanter diminished.

By this time dusk was creeping on, the last man had paid his bill, and exhaled from the coffee-room, and the unoccupied waiter, with the restlessness peculiar to his fraternity, kept constantly poking his head in at the door. At length his officiousness became so remarkable, that my truant thoughts were attracted to the subject, and then, for the first time, the distressing conviction forced itself on my mind that I had not got a farthing in my pocket. Will it be credited, I had actually ordered a good dinner without having the slightest idea how I should pay for it? Oh, this absence of mind, to what humiliating expedients has it not compelled me to have recourse! Another person placed in my predicament would have been fairly horror-struck; but that was not my case, for a settled persuasion that my malady—struggle against it as I might—was incurable, had now reconciled me to its excesses. Yet I felt the full delicacy of my position, and as I could not endure the idea of explaining matters to a disbelieving landlord, and was, besides, desirous to spare his sensibilities as well as my own, I thought the least improper

course I could pursue would be to sound a modest retreat.

Ah, there is a quick, elastic step on the staircase, as of one whose faculties are on the alert! One—two—three—but three brisk, energetic strides, and the waiter stands beside me, just as I am in the act of throwing wide the street-door.

[The waiter opposes his exit and calls the landlord, "a portly man, with a greasy, shining face, as though he polished it with train-oil every morning."]

As he hurried out from the bar, I took in his dimensions at a glance, and seeing that he was not an antagonist to be trifled with, I suddenly tripped up the waiter, threw wide the door, and darted out at the very moment when the landlord was stretching forth his hand to make a snatch at my evanishing coat-skirts.

"Stop thief!" roared the enraged publican, posting after me with the strides of an ogre.

"Stop thief!" shouted the waiter, following close behind, and waving his napkin above his head as a signal of distress.

"Stop thief!" chorussed the crowd, who were rapidly beginning to collect.

"Stop thief!" I shouted out louder than all, and dashing furiously on, I cleared at one leap, a fat Quaker, who was stooping down on the pavement to adjust his shoe-buckles.

The cry of "Stop thief!" rung like an alarm-bell in the long ears of Tottenham-court-road—the echoes of Warren-street took it up—alley shouted it back to alley—and the New Road, disdaining taciturnity in such a case, plied her lungs like a hurricane, and despatched a fragrant posse of Irish huddmen to the chase, who, starting from the different posts against which they had been lounging, and thanking God that there was at length a prospect of a skirmish, rushed headlong on, oversetting apple-stalls innumerable in their flight, and accommodating many an electrified pedestrian with unlooked-for lodgings in the gutter.

Meanwhile I continued my desperate career, bawling out "Stop thief!" and pointing before me whenever I saw any one disposed to obstruct my progress, while the panting and inflated waiter followed at the distance of a few yards, the landlord having been compelled to relinquish the chase and return home, lest, peradventure, a similar catastrophe might have taken place during his absence.

On—on I flew—when just as I reached the corner of a street near Mornington Crescent, a lamplighter who had just descended from his post, suspecting from my frantic speed, and the crowd in full cry at my heels, that I had eloped from the stringent embraces of justice, placed his ladder right in front of my path. 'Twas a cowardly act, but

no matter—in an instant I had cleared the obstruction, so much to the fellow's astonishment, that in the impulse of the moment he swung round his ladder with an abrupt, impetuous movement, and by so doing sent one end of it bang through a shop-window, smashing a dozen pains of glass, and bringing out three scarlet-visaged shopmen—a blessed contingency, which, by attracting the attention of the majority of my pursuers, created a diversion in my favour.

But nothing could stop the waiter. To him the chase was one of life or death. His honour, and, what was of more consequence, his interests were concerned in my capture; so waving his napkin aloft in air, and rallying, as he galloped onward, a few fresh auxiliaries under that august banner, he followed close in my wake, tracking me through all my windings with a skill, and speed, and pertinacity, that convinced me that men running after a reckoning run faster than any people in the world, except those who are running away from it.

I had by this time reached that romantic pass at the Hampstead end of Camden Town, which opens into the picturesque vale of Pancras. The darkness of night was upon earth—the Regent's canal wore an awful and swarthy aspect—Mr. Murphy's coal-wharf, which stands on its southern shore, looked vague and spectral—and the voice of the pot-boy calling "Beer" at that illustrious statesman's door, sounded, as I flew past, like some solemn and measured cathedral chant. Before me, in mid-air, at the distance of about two miles, towered the Alpine hamlet of Hampstead, shrouded in umbrageous foliage, through which lights were glancing; and to the left, bounding the sylvan meads of Pancras, swelled up the colossal outline of Primrose-hill. The locality, though beautiful, was a most unsatisfactory one, for it afforded me not the slightest outlet for escape or concealment. There were no ruined sheds or unfinished houses—no tall hedges, nor deep, dry ditches, into which I might insinuate my perspiring periphery—the country lay open on all sides—so I was fain to continue my course, with the indefatigable waiter still panting at my heels, and a small knot of nimble ragamuffins shouting behind him.

On passing Chalk Farm, where a lane leads into the main road, a serious obstacle for an instant checked my course. An enormous man, so at least he appeared in the gloom, was jogging slowly along on a diminutive jackass, when just as he turned into the Hampstead-road, I, being then at my full speed, rushed against him, and such was the tremendous force of the concussion, that I upset both the donkey and its driver, flew over their heads, and fell full length into a heap of gravel. I would most willingly have staid to apologize, especially as I had reason

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to fear that I had smashed the poor jackass to atoms, but time was precious; and I rushed on, therefore, with unabated energy, while the zephyr bore to my ear sundry hoarse and emphatic curses, which seemed to issue with difficulty from a mouth clogged with the dust of the road.

And now Haverstock-hill appears in sight. I clamber up the steep ascent, and halt opposite an old, red brick house, with a garden wall beside it. I look back, my pursuers are about a hundred yards in my rear; I look up, the wall is low, and, fortunately, close by the house stands a tall, branching, substantial elm, whence an entrance may easily be gained into one of the upper rooms, the window of which, on a hot day like this, is most probably wide open. It was no season for etiquette or ceremony, for my case was desperate, so vaulting over the wall, I flew to the tree, climbed briskly up, and creeping, as well as I could, along one of its outspreading branches, which shook fearfully beneath my weight, I made a grasp at the window-ledge, raised myself up by it, and then, after satisfying myself that not a soul was in the apartment, crept in at the open lattice.

(To be concluded in our next.)

New Books.

DR. RUSCHENBERGER'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

[We resume from page 382 our extracts from this lively and entertaining work.]

Sea-Sickness.

Many plans have been tried to alleviate the distressing effects of sea-sickness, beneath the influence of which the stoutest spirit quails, but no one has been generally successful. In some individuals nature speedily accommodates herself to the new circumstances in which she is placed; in others, whole voyages are not long enough to habituate them to the motion of the ship; the disease continues, with more or less intensity, according to the roughness or smoothness of the sea. A simple, and generally successful treatment, consists in keeping the head cooled by the application of ice or iced water, and swallowing nothing but the blandest articles of diet, as arrow-root, barley or rice water, &c. By this plan, the sense of fullness and constriction of the head, which characterize the invasion of the malady, will be relieved, and the patient become comparatively comfortable.

The Streets of Zanzibar.

Though the number of persons we met was not great, they filled the narrow lanes through which we were passing. Negroes armed with spears, Arabs bearing swords, dirks and round shields of rhinoceros-hide,*

* Mr. Bakewell would lead us to believe that the rhinoceros belongs to the extinct species of animals.

and unarmed Banyans under high red turbans, met us at every step, passing in one direction or another. Many Arabs of the lower class were naked, with the exception of a girdle and a cloth hanging from the hips; but few were without arms. I have never before seen a finer display of straight figures and athletic limbs, nor more cheerful countenances, than those which the streets of Zanzibar presented to us. The colour of the Arabs here is almost as deep as that of the negroes, but these are not so jetty as those from the western coast of Africa.

Upon several of the doors were pasted slips of paper upon which were written in Arabic, sentences from the Koran. The people were all actively employed; for in front of some of the houses we observed, on raised terraces or porches of mud, men weaving cloth for turbans, by hand; others mulling of gum copal, coloured red, various ornaments worn in the ears, and beads for the "tesbia," or Islamic rosary, which consists of ninety-nine black and three red beads, and, except the cross, is like the rosary used in the Romish Church. At one door sat a woman, cross-legged, stringing beads for sale; she was remarkable for the large, white metal bangles which she wore on her ankles, large bracelets, and a succession of small, silver rings in the rim of her ear, as well as for her under eyelids being stained black. At the corners of the streets armourers were at work, whose appearance carried the mind back to the early ages. There were generally two men together; both squatted upon a terrace of mud half-a-dozen feet square, shaded by a rude shed of cocoa-nut leaves. A hole in the centre served as a furnace, to which a continuous blast of air was directed by very primitive means. Two goat-skin bags, having at one end an opening or slit like a purse-clasp, each lip of which incloses a rod, while the other communicates with the fire by a tube, form the bellows. The blower, squatting near, holds a bag in either hand by its mouth, alternately filling and blowing them out. As he draws back one arm, he relaxes the grasp of his hand, permitting the mouth of the bag to open and fill with air; next, he closes and presses it towards the fire by straightening the arm; while at the same time the other is drawn back, the grasp relaxed as at first, and so on by turns, in rather quick succession. The smiths were chiefly occupied in making arrow and spear heads.

Among the strange things which attracted our notice, were the young children, carried in the arms or on the backs of their nurses. Their faces were marked with black lines; two over the forehead and one over the nose, which were crossed vertically by three others, and in the squares thus

formed were black spots, giving them the appearance of young harlequins. With few exceptions, every one we saw was the subject of umbilical hernia.

Arab School.

We entered a small room in which half a dozen children were seated on the floor, *à la Turque*, reciting lessons at the top of their voices, in a most unpleasantly nasal and monotonous manner, to an old white-bearded pedagogue, who sat upon the ground hugging his knees. Each pupil was supplied with a board eight inches broad and a foot and a half long, on which they were learning to write by the aid of a pointed stick. The only books to be seen were two large copies of the Koran, bound in red velvet and supported on stands two feet high, so that when they read it the sacred volume is higher than the girdle, seated as they were. The children were committing verses of it to memory, and after the recitation was over, the book was carefully wrapped in a cloth and carried up stairs. The pedagogue would not allow us to touch it. The Koran is held in the greatest reverence and esteem among all Mohammedans. "They dare not so much as touch it without being first washed or legally purified; which, lest they should do by inadvertence, they write these words on the cover or label, 'Let none touch it, but they who are clean.' They read it with great care and respect, never holding it below their girdles. They swear by it, consult it in their weighty occasions, carry it with them to war, write sentences of it on their banners, adorn it with gold and precious stones, and, knowingly, suffer it not to be in the possession of any of a different persuasion."*

The Peacock strikes upon a Coral Reef.

The night of the 20th, (Sept. 1835,) was very pleasant. The sea during the day was remarkably green, and, though we sounded at sunset, we found no bottom at a hundred fathoms. In the evening a land bird flew on board, and about ten o'clock P.M., two small birds together with some sea-weed were caught; but, in spite of these indications, we did not suspect ourselves to be near land; and, placing full confidence in our meridian observations, which placed us sixty miles from the shore, we swept along towards our destined port, steering north half east, with the wind to the southward and westward, with studding sails set "low and aloft." Our sense of security, however, well-nigh proved fatal to us all.

About twenty minutes past two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, all hands, except the watch on deck, were roused from sleep by a horrid noise, caused by the ship's bottom grinding, and tearing, and leaping

on a bed of coral rocks! When she struck the ship was sailing at the rate of seven and a half miles the hour, and her progress was not suddenly and fully arrested, but she ran on for some minutes after the helm had been "put up"—the wind was on the larboard quarter, and consequently off shore. When I reached the deck it was starlight, the breeze was fresh, and neither land nor breakers could be any where seen; by shifting the helm, the wind had been brought on the starboard side, and the sails no longer opposed to it, by their surface, were fitfully flapping and slashing as the wind swept past them. The ship rolled with an uncertain, wavering motion, grinding and tearing the coral as her sides alternately came against it. The uncertainty of our situation, threatened as we were with destruction, the crushing of coral, the darkness of the night, the wallop, wallop of the sails; the fast succeeding orders of the officer of the watch, and the piping of the boatswain and his mates, produced an impression not easily described nor forgotten. There was an appearance of confusion, but every thing went on with as much regard to rule as if the catastrophe had been anticipated. Every one asked, "Where are we?" but no one knew; nor was it easy to explain at this time by what means we had got on shore. The chronometers, hitherto confided in, were now suspected; and some called in question the accuracy of the charts. This was in the first moment of excitement, when we might have supposed there would have been some manifestations of fear, but there were none. Just at this moment we had a fine example of the effects of habit. When every body was hurrying on deck, a young gentleman, who had been for a long time a valetudinarian, was seen completely dressed, coming up amongst the last, with a cloak hanging over his arm. On being asked what he was about to do with it, the thermometer standing at 80 deg. F., he replied, "Going ashore in the boat; I shall catch cold from the night air."

As the ship no longer moved forward, but lay floundering from side to side, all sail was taken in, and an officer was sent to ascertain in what direction the deepest water was to be found. In the mean time the boats were hoisted out, and an anchor placed in one of them; and, on the return of the officer who had been sent to sound, it was carried about three hundred yards to the southward, where there was sufficient depth to float us, and there let go, with the view of heaving off the ship. As the most speedy way of lightening her, about five thousand gallons of water were pumped overboard, but it was in vain.

The first gleam of day discovered to us a low, sandy desert, about three miles to the eastward, trending north and south, the ex-

treme point, south, and was in splendour. The work continued.

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* Sale's Koran, Philadelphia, 1833.

trema points in sight bearing east half south, and west half north. The water was in spots of a bright green from its shallowness, but dark where it was deeper. The work of lightening the ship was continued. A raft was now constructed of spare spars, and loaded with provisions, and several tons of shot were thrown overboard. When the tide began to fall, to prevent the ship from rolling entirely over, a large spar was placed with one end resting on the bottom, and the other secured to the side, so as to give effectual support, or shore her up.

About ten o'clock, A.M., a large canoe, the stern and bows rising high, propelled by a thin, square sail, and manned by four men, approached the ship. We sent an unarmed boat towards her, and an indifferent interpreter, a distressed Pole, named Michael, who, according to his own account, having travelled over land from Poland to Bombay, spoke passable Arabic, Italian, and Dutch, but neither French nor English. When near enough, he hailed the Arab, who manifested strong repugnance to communication. While our boat pulled rapidly towards him, he carried the tack of his sail forward and hauled the sheet close aft; then his wild companions stood up, and we could see their broadswords flashing in the sun as they flourished them over their heads, in a manner not to be misunderstood; our boat therefore returned without opening any amicable intercourse, and the canoe anchored close to the shore.

Later in the day, an officer was sent towards the beach, to ascertain the state of the tide. Immediately on perceiving our boat near the shore, an Arab sprang from the canoe and ran along the sand, brandishing his sword, intimating that he would offer opposition to the landing.

At meridian, we found our latitude to be 20 deg. 20 min. north, and the longitude 58 deg. 52 min. east. We were now all of opinion that the ship was on the island of Mazeira, which, according to the charts, lies about ten miles from the coast of Happy Arabia; it is thirty five miles long, and ten or twelve broad; and trends south-west and north-east.

Education in Muscat.

Education is not much attended to in the Sultan's dominions; children generally are only taught to read and write, and recite passages from the Koran. The wealthy send their sons to Bombay, Calcutta, and occasionally to Persia, for instruction. Physicians study their profession in the latter country, but are not considered by the Arabs themselves trustworthy as surgeons. In this section of the East the Persian language is what French is in Europe, a court language, which all the educated speak. Some of those who have been educated in

British India pay considerable attention to English. I saw in the house of one gentleman the novels of Scott and Cooper. As yet, that engine of knowledge and civilization, the press, has not been introduced into Muscat; this is to be regretted, because under the government of so rational a monarch as Syed Syeed bin Sultan, it would be a perennial fountain of blessings and benefits to his subjects.

The Naturalist.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary meeting, held on the 22nd ult., Richard Owen, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair, a letter was read from Mr. Straughan, of Sierra Leone, stating that a proposed supply of new specimens to the society had been retarded by the very unhealthy state of the colony. Before the rains, two very fine and young female chimpanzees had been obtained, which were on their way over to this country. He considered that it would be very easy to obtain hippopotami, but that the difficulty would be in transporting them to England in a timber ship, which had but small accommodation, and would be from ten to twelve weeks on the passage. The object might, however, be easily accomplished in a homeward bound man-of-war. The writer also suggested that the future governors of Sierra Leone and the Gambia should be ex-officio honorary members, on account of the opportunities which they were possessed of for forwarding the science of zoology. The Rev. F. W. Hope offered some observations on the ravages committed by the *lymanoria terebrans* upon the piles of the pier at Southend, and exhibited a portion of the wood attacked by them. Deal wood is particularly attacked by this small crustaceous animal, which pierces the wood so that it crumbles, and the pieces are, by the abrasion of the water, carried out to sea. It has been usual to char the lower part of the pile, or encase it with copper; but this last is no protection, as the animal gets in between, and the piles shortly become useless. The pier at Brighton has been almost destroyed by them, as was that of Leith a few years since; and it was a matter of economy whether iron should not be substituted for wood, as the former might easily be protected by any kind of varnish or tar. Mr. Yarrell exhibited an anchovy, caught that morning in the Thames along with whitebait, which was a singular fact, as this fish had not been seen nearer than the Severn. He also stated the fact, not generally known, that in Dagenham reach there are a great many herrings, which, although not so large as those which are taken in sea-water, are of a very delicious flavour. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited and described

two new collections of mammalia, one from Mr. Cumming, from the Philippine Islands, and the other from Mr. Preter, of Geneva.

ÆROLITE IN RUSSIA.

THE following account of an extraordinary phenomenon, from a letter, dated Moscow, May 2, 1832, appeared in the *St. Petersburg Anatomical Gazette*:—In March last, there fell, in the fields of the village of Kourianof, thirteen versts from Volokolamsk, a combustible substance of a yellowish colour, at least two inches thick, and covering a superficies of between six and seven hundred square feet. The inhabitants at first thought it was snow, but on examination it appeared to have the properties of cotton, having, on being torn, the same tenacity; but on being put into a vessel filled with water, it assumed the consistence of resin. When put to the fire in its primitive state, it burnt and sent forth a flame like spirits of wine; but in its resinous state it boiled on the fire without becoming inflamed, probably because it was mixed with some portion of the snow from which it had been taken. After a more minute examination, the resin had the colour of amber, was elastic like Indian rubber, and smelt like prepared oil, mixed with wax.

W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

A Pleasant Message.—Some five-and-twenty years ago, the late Mr. Bartleman was taken ill, just before the commencement of the festival at Gloucester, for which he had been engaged, so that he could not leave London; another Basso was applied to, at a very short notice, who attended, and acquitted himself to the satisfaction of every body. When he called on the organist, the late Mr. Muttow, to be paid, the latter thanked him most cordially for his kindness in attending, also for the very noble manner in which he had sung; and concluded with the following very complimentary and pleasant message:—"When you see poor Bartleman give my best regards to him; and tell him how much we missed him during the festival!"—*Musical World.*

Political history is not the only living picture of national character. We had almost rather study a people's views and feelings in their traditional literature, in their early or popular poems particularly than in their public histories. Homer, Horace, Dante, the ballad-writers, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Moliere, Goethe, Scott, are witnesses whom we would call, not to national character only, but on human nature. All the fine arts of a people must be consulted. Their proverbs must be by no means neglected. The philosopher's researches must not be concluded

here. Unless he acquaint himself with the history of past philosophies, we will answer for it, that after ten years of speculation, he will find that he has followed some hypothesis along a by-road, which former inquirers had pursued without reaching the goal. If he does not discover this, at least others will. Finally, and above all, as a Christian philosopher, he will take the spirit of the Church Catholic for the guide of his investigation—not forgetting the canon—"Christianity is the foundation of ethics, ethics the illustration of Christianity."

"Keeping out of view further contingent consequences, the fact of the long continuance of the free and habitual exercise of any act by an individual is evidence that it is productive to him of pure and, preponderant good, and therefore fit and proper to be pursued."—(*Bentham.*)

So that if a man, for six years, has of his own free will, not otherwise, haunted the gin-shops, though his nose be rubied with carbuncles, there is sufficient evidence that the habit is productive to him of pure and preponderant good, and without any regard to the future soundness of his liver, it is fit and proper that he should continue a dram-drinker for the rest of his days. What do the teatallers say to this?—*Quarterly Review.*

Ignorance.—Captain Alexander notes, from the Hill Damaras, (in South Africa,) I could make nothing out to show they had any, the most imperfect, religious impressions; "Who made the sun?" I asked them. "We don't know; we are a stupid people, we don't know anything—only let us get plenty to eat, that is all we care for,"—was the common answer I got from this benighted people. *Much the same, as other*

Money at the Fingers' Ends.—The Siamese, like the Chinese, wear the finger-nails very long, and the ladies have them sometimes tipped with silver.

The Siamese use no alloy in their manufactured gold, which is very fine, and of a very deep colour, almost orange.

A Siamese Dinner.—At one o'clock p.m. a dinner, consisting of soups, curries, cutlets, ducks, chickens, and pork, with fruit and sweetmeats, was served up in gold and silver. There were 26 dishes for three persons, and no fewer than 54 gold vessels were used in the entertainment. There was no ostentation or seeming attempt at display; all appeared to be a matter of every-day occurrence.—*Ruschenberger's Voyage.*

Eloquence is not always the language of the heart.

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